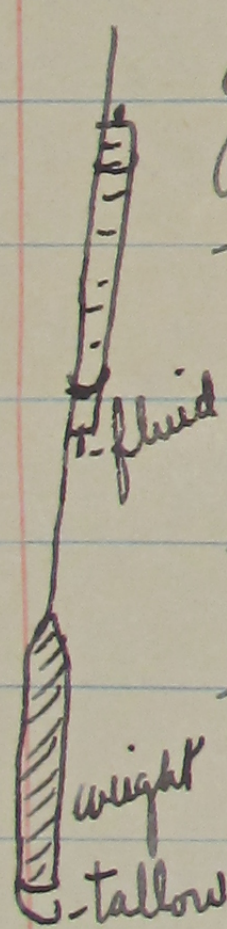


queer little boats with long narrow  
~~smoke~~ stacks two masts and sails. They  
 were queer looking arks. We passed  
 three. I late went to powder my  
 nose before dancing - ow! - ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup>  
 marcel had vanished completely!  
 Salt water is not kind so I said bye  
 bye krones and danced on. The North  
 sea is as calm as glass - or Lake Simcoe  
 You don't know you're on a boat. To-  
 night I saw them take the depth. On the  
 stern they have a machine where they  
 throw an oblong weight into the water.



Just above it some red fluid is put into a  
 tube and tied to a stick above the weight.  
 The water pressure on it tells them the  
 depth. To be sure the weight touches  
 the bottom some tallow is put on the  
 end & the sand sticks to it. A machine  
 on deck registers the amt of wire let-  
 out and the depth can be taken. The depth  
 then is recorded and added to the ship's log.  
 The log being the record for the boat  
 which is very interesting. (Aren't I  
 getting to be a smart child?)



June 9

12 days -

Thrills! was awakened this morning by a put-put outside my window. I leaned out - much hair in the breeze and discovered a boat along side. They were tied and our boat had stopped. An old sea dog scurried up the ladder thrown to him and we picked up a pilot for Christiansand. I thought I'd best get up - which I did and see if I could see land. Joy! - I could. The mountains appeared just like Hellarney. Normandy! All rocks, not of the reddish hue like Georgian bay but old weather beaten relics. The sea was very smooth but unfortunately the day was dull at the early hour of 8. A. M. Just before we arrived Kaye & I rushed to breakfast. What a breakfast! First huge one for ages. I now wonder why I overslept when there were meals like that. We rushed it and were in time to see the boats come to meet us and people getting on and off. The sailboats passing were most picturesque against the high rocks. The little town stood out with its white houses & red roofs. One tall church steeple had a green top but the



others were very much alike. Our boat did not land but we anchored so very close and yet the water was 20 fathoms deep (120 ft.). The channel was similar to Collier Inlet. I imagine we were too far out to see the heavy pines. I noticed some islands which seemed to be built up with stone and had the appearance of green grass on top - very flat. I overheard a person saying it was a very old fort built in '600 - and it showed it. It was most interesting. As the people left the band played and the people had to go down the steps to small boats. We started on and about dinner time arrived at Oslo. I was so excited I could hardly eat. (We had Madeira, the most wonderful red wine, I had two glasses and forgot all about it.) After we had our passports marked we at last tread 'terra firma'. Was I thrilled? To my surprise I had ~~not~~<sup>not</sup> sea legs [from neither wine nor water.] The doctor in his civies came with the twenty six of us and showed us the city. We embarked in five cars. Of course I picked a "Buick". I'll say



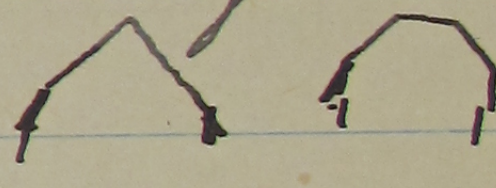
they travel! We passed a few Victorian  
cabs such as Montreal boast of. What  
a shame it was about nine o'clock, still  
light but too dark for pictures. We sped  
along brick roads, narrow and fairly  
bumpy. Our driver couldn't speak English,  
looked more Bolsheviki with a very red  
nose and brilliant hued neck. || We passed  
some odd looking street-cars, - a bright  
blue in colour, very narrow, more like  
our Limerick Trolley with open place in  
front and back. Still they had the usual  
strap hanger and merrily bumped along.  
We drove up to a huge white building  
which towered above the rest. It had  
many columns and pillars. This we  
were told was the Kings Palace. || Anne  
who sat with the driver was amazing  
for her conversation with the driver. || We  
were told their King was very tall and  
exceedingly popular. Then we passed the  
University. Huge stately stone buildings by  
a gorgeous park, near the Palace. It  
was about ideal with its lovely gardens.  
We only regretted we were too late to see



the old viking ships they valued so highly. Next came the mountain road. Up we went past the most gorgeous gardens and attractive homes I have ever seen. One smelled lilacs every where.

Even more than Canada. Their horse chestnut trees were in bloom like ours and there were heaps of locust trees.

The lilacs were the loveliest. Mauve and white, hedges or numerous trees every where. After the water trip we literally drank them in. The houses were so different and most attractive, I thought the roofs more like our barn roofs.

High then sloping off sharply  They were mostly red, some mixed blue and red, others a dull slate colour.

They appeared all angles to me, no two the same. I have never seen so many varied <sup>balcanies</sup> ~~porches~~ and sleeping porches. Most houses were white. Many had small pillars and all had attractive fronts. None had our conventional verandas but all seemed different.

Our road was snakey. I held my breath many times, expecting to jump



over into the deep gorge at the next bad curve which was really the next; and next and next. Praises be to my friend the Buick, [how proud I was to think of ours resting at home] This was a touring car which literally ate up the hills & it had some drivers believe me. "40 miles" I gasped and sighed at the speedometer. The road was narrow, but the recent rain kept the dust down. The higher we went; the more pine. Mostly spruce! The odour! Oh it was so good! For the first time we passed a thatched cottage, or probably a road house. There were many road houses, each one different and so attractive. All had beautiful flowers and some with gorgeous gardens. One most attractive cottage was white. Had a light blue veranda or porch, a rose<sup>coloured</sup> front and black door, sounds queer but was the most fascinating combination. On a short distance our driver stopped ~~to~~ suddenly for the first time before a small glassy lake on our left. It was so still, the reflections were perfect. This he explained,



(or tried too) was the <sup>world</sup> famous Holmekollen  
 Ski jump place. We looked up. It  
 looked like a log skid but on  
 closer inspection, one noticed a  
 small slide for a start, then a platform  
 for a jump and the dizzy descent. The  
 jumps were 180 ft. I simply could not  
 understand it. The ~~wood~~ <sup>lake</sup> was heavily  
 wooded all round about; and it seemed  
 so small. I always thought the jumper  
 had to slide so far after his jump, but  
 perhaps the lake was larger than it looked.  
 Had I jumped, I'd keep on going, run up  
 on the road and bury myself in the high  
 rocks on the other side. I thought the  
 jump most remarkably & interesting. On  
 we went to the very top. There we found  
 the most fascinating road house of all.  
 We got out of the car to investigate. ~~Small~~  
 tables were about outside in front and  
 there were many balconies. Although nearly  
 ten, it was light. Not many people were  
 there as yet. Those who were seemed  
 older and were eating and drinking. Not  
~~was~~ <sup>on</sup> wild boogie parties but you'd see them



skål to each other. Just below were the oddest tiny buildings. Much a curio shop to us. They were closed but outside were a dull brown in colour and had curious front doors with a great deal of carving. They had roofs of grass, some quite long grass, very green, with pine trees growing on them. It was most lovely above the brown colour. One little building appeared to be on stilts. Below protruded affairs which gave it the appearance of being on rockers. We investigated and to our surprise found them to be whale's ribs. ~~Wow!~~ Imagine a floating rib thus, that a house could rest on. We could see distinctly where they joined the whale's spine; if they had such a thing. It really looked the part, - a bone of a whale, - and a whale of a bone. We started walking back to the ski jump. There were the loveliest flowers, violets, white starry flowers, and to my surprise many blueberry bushes. We looked down into a gorge with a <sup>small</sup> winding river. On the banks were vivid shades of green



mosses, ferns, and the brilliance of  
 the yellow marsh marigolds. On each  
 side of us were the lacy pines and  
 we ran down the road drinking  
 in the piney smell. There were Killarney  
 rocks too. At the bends we peered out  
 to get another view of the water in the  
 distance. Imagine the hour, and the  
 lights just beginning to appear. The  
 electric bill in Norway must be a delight  
 to an American. We could see the water  
 in the distance and the islands still  
 faintly out-lined. It was the most-  
 beautiful sight, and in the sunshine  
 must have been superb. It almost  
 made you feel like a King on the mountain.  
 || Our cars came along and our faithful  
 Buicks picked us up. Our Bolshewiki wasted  
 no gas, but coasted all the way down, hoping  
 the brakes would last. They did. My  
 life being already insured, I was safe.  
 We passed another country place of the  
 Kings and saw the gaurd at the gate. The  
 old boy didn't come to greet us so we moved  
 on. We saw the museum, so many



buildings and so odd and different. Again we regretted the hour and wished it were open. Our driver took us to the yacht harbour and we noticed hundred of dingys and sail boats about. It was a charming picture.

What appeared to me a brilliant house boat was brightly lighted up but I later discovered it a pier and a long walk out to it. It was growing late and we had to make our way to the boat passing down the main street again. The people seemed to look the same. The women wore their dresses briefly ~~but~~ the men had rather dowdy looking hats and no baggy trousers. The theatres were lovely, some a very beautiful building by themselves. We got back around eleven o'clock and to our disgust the boat didn't leave until twelve. We watched them unload, there were many cranes swinging boxes thru the air, and seemed to stop always at the correct angle and the exact spot. It was amazing. At length our boat backed





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